

Storming the Castle

By Eleanor H. Porter

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"But I'm determined to win you, Kathleen."

"As if you could against my will!"

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"If you'll let me put this cushion at your head, and readjust your footrest, I think you'll be easier."

"Charlie Heywood."

"At your service."

"Why, how in the world—" she began delightedly, then her whole figure stiffened. "This is never going to do at all," she finished with decision.

Heywood busied himself with the cushion and the foot-rest and did not seem to hear.

"I am traveling with my aunt," she began again, with some asperity.

"Certainly!" he responded cheerfully, picking up her magazine for her. "There, now I am sure you will be more comfortable." And he bowed himself off.

All through the rest of the voyage Kathleen did not see him once, though she watched for him every day—first fearfully, then resentfully.

When once again on land, Kathleen stood guard over her trunks and traveling-bags with a frowning face.

"Why can't they have checks over here and transfer one's baggage in a good, Christian manner?" she demanded wrathfully of her aunt.

"Suppose I attend to it for you," suggested Heywood at her elbow.

"Oh, then you are on earth!" returned Kathleen, a bit ungraciously, though a relieved look came into her eyes. The look remained until Heywood had seen them enroute for their hotel then it changed to one very like regret as his form was lost to sight in the crowd.

"Er—ah—what's Charlie doing over here?" inquired Mrs. Howells, with the hesitation one always showed in asking Kathleen questions regarding Heywood.

"Business, he says," she replied, with a shrug of her shoulders.

In London Kathleen saw Heywood just three times—once when she and her aunt lost their bearings on the Strand, again when he obtained for them permission to enter a certain palace which they wanted very much to see, and a third time when in a panic in a London theater made his presence something in the nature of a godsend.

"Charlie Heywood has a remarkable faculty of making his advent delightfully opportune!" observed Mrs. Howells, with a shrewd glance at Kathleen's face.

"Humph! It strikes me he's a little bit officious," retorted Kathleen, again trying to banish with scornfulness that curious thrill.

Kathleen had friends in Paris, and she danced and flirted and drove and shopped in an endless whirl of gaiety.

Days passed. Save with the eye of her fancy, Kathleen had not once seen Heywood, though she looked for him at every turn. One afternoon, ignoring the fact that Paris is not New York, she slipped out alone for a short walk. She was strangely restless, and her feet flew faster and faster; even then, they seemed to her to be but crawling over the pavements. An hour passed and she turned to go back, but after another 60-minute walk, she awoke to a realization that she had lost her way.

"How stupid of me!" she murmured, biting her lips with annoyance.

She stopped to rest at a table in an open-air restaurant, but when a be-ringed, bestudded man slipped into the seat at her left, she fled again to the sidewalk.

"You are looking for some one?" a voice at her side suggested.

A sudden throb of joy tingled to Kathleen's fingertips.

"Go—go away!" she cried feebly, glancing in the absolute certainty that the man wouldn't obey her.

"Right away—now?" he asked.

She nodded—but drew nearer to him.

"I'm tired of being rescued, Charlie," she laughed, hysterically.

He gave a keen glance at her flushed cheeks and halted a carriage. He helped her in without speaking, gave an order to the driver, and seated himself at her side.

"How stupid of me—I never thought of a carriage," she quavered, brushing back the loose hair from her eyes. She stole a glance at the man's gloomy face, and a rose-pink flushed to her forehead. "Let me see," she went on softly, "an automobile, a cushion, a—"

"Don't!" he interrupted harshly.

"But, really," she continued, a queer little tremor in her voice, "I was only naming them over—the weapons have become very effective—that—"

Heywood looked up quickly.

"Kathleen, you don't mean that—"

"The castle has been stormed and the princess is—"

"She raised shy eyes to his face."

"Mine at last!" he breathed, the light of a long-deferred joy in his eyes.

How the Village Progressed.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the man who had wandered back to the village. "So the Eagle house is still the Eagle house? No change after 20 years."

"There have been a few changes," asserted the oldest inhabitant with some asperity. "Since you've been gone the hotel has been respectively the Grand Union, the Grand Central, the Grand Junction, the Great Northern, the Great Southern, the Imperial, the Regal, the Empire, the Monarch, the Prince of Wales, the Regent, and a few other royalties which I disrecolect, the Mansion house six times an the Eagle house seven, the latter happening to be its proud patronymic at present writin'. Plunkville, my friend, hasn't so all-fired behind the times ez you seem to imagine."

Permanent Affliction.

Ho—"That handsome girl over there, she's a foot of me two years ago."

She—I felt sure that something happened in your past life that you had never got over.

The less religion in some men the more theology they can hold.

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Her Aim.

A man who runs a truck farm in Virginia tells of the sad predicament in which a colored man named Sam Moore, who is in his employ, recently found himself. Sam had had considerable difficulty in evading the onslaughts of a dog from a neighboring farm. Finally the dog got him, as Sam kicked at him.

Sam's wife, hearing a tremendous yell, rushed to the rescue of her husband. When she came up the dog had fastened his teeth in the calf of Sam's leg and was holding on for dear life. Seizing a stone in the road, Sam's wife was about to hurl it when Sam, with wonderful presence of mind, shouted:

"Mandy! Mandy! Don't frow at me at de dawg! Frow it at me, Mandy!"—Youth's Companion.

WESTERN MEN IN NEW YORK.

Brains of Mountain and Prairie in Demand in the Financial Center.

Ever since the early days, when D. J. Mills, J. B. Haggis and James R. Keene "emigrated" from California to New York, the metropolis has been drawing largely on the west and south for its supply of "men who do things." Theodore P. Shonta, both a southerner and westerner, has undertaken to solve New York's great transit problem, is the latest importation in response to the call of the east.

The promptness with which Thos. F. Ryan, of Virginia, turned the Equitable Life Assurance Society over to its policyholders, who now elect a majority of its Board of Directors, and divested himself of the control of the stock which he bought from Jas. H. Hyde, and the success of the new management of the Society under the direction of President Paul Morton, have created a demand for the strong men of the south and west that is greater than ever before. Under the Morton management the Equitable has made a better showing than any other insurance company in the way of improved methods, economies and increased returns to policyholders.

E. H. Gary, head of the greatest corporation in the world—the U. S. Steel Co.—John W. Gates, Henry C. Frick, Norman B. Ream, Wm. H. Moore and Daniel G. Reid are other westerners who are among the biggest men in New York.

SOMEWHAT OF A REFLECTION.

Naive Comment of Debutante That Amused Hostess.

A charming hostess of one of the "big houses," as they are called by those who are welcomed into them, has the added beauty of premature white hair. That which seems to her contemporaries an added charm may appear to the crudely young a mark of decline, at least so it appears in one instance of which the hostess herself tells with enjoyment.

The lady is a connoisseur of antiques. At one of her teas a debutante rich with the glow of youth, but sadly constrained by her sense of novelty, was handed a cup of tea; the cup was beautifully blue and wonderfully old. The hostess desiring to lighten the strain on her youthful guest by a pleasant diverting remark, said: "That little cup is a hundred and fifty years old!"

"Oh," came the debutante's high strained tones. "How careful you must be to have kept it so long!"

Money in Raising Celery.

Celery will be one of the principal crops produced in the neighborhood of Canon City, Col., this season. This is due to the fact that the late frosts seriously injured the fruit crop, and the growers have now begun to plant celery. Celery has been raised successfully by a few growers, and has been found to be one of the best paying crops. One grower realized \$1,575 from one and a half acres last year, another \$600 on less than an acre. The cost of an acre of planting and care is about \$250. The demand for the crop has always been greater than the supply.

Judges at Their Best.

In the course of a recent case before Mr. Justice Darling the judge declined to make a requested ruling, saying that if he did so the court of appeals would say he was wrong. Counsel having expressed disagreement with this view, the judge said: "Well, you know the court of appeals as well as I do, perhaps better, for you see them at work, while I only meet them at luncheon." To which the barrister dryly replied: "Your lordship sees them at their best."—Law Notes.

A SMALL SECRET.

Couldn't Understand the Taste of His Customers.

Two men were discussing the various food products now being supplied in such variety and abundance.

"One, a grocer, said, 'I frequently try a package or so of any certain article before offering it to my trade, and in that way sometimes form a different idea than my customers have.'"

"For instance, I thought I would try some Postum Food Coffee, to see what reason there was for such a call for it. At breakfast I didn't like it and supper proved the same, so I naturally concluded that my taste was different from that of the customers who bought it right along."

"A day or two after, I waited on a lady who was buying a 25c package and told her I couldn't understand how one could fancy the taste of Postum."

"I know just what is the matter," she said, "you put the coffee boiler on the stove for just fifteen minutes, and ten minutes of that time it simmered, and perhaps five minutes it boiled; now if you will have it left to boil full fifteen minutes after it commences to boil, you will find a delicious Java-like beverage, rich in food value of gluten and phosphates, so choice that you will never abandon it, particularly when you see the great gain in health."

Well, I took another trial and sure enough I found the Postum army for good, and life seems worth living since I have gotten rid of my old time stomach and kidney troubles."

Postum is no sort of medicine, but pure liquid food, and this, together with a relief from coffee worked the change. "There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

WHAT IS A REPUBLICAN?

Many Ideas Seem to Be Represented in the G. O. P.

Some of our Republican contemporaries are trying to answer the question: "What is a Republican?" but they hardly seem to grasp the situation and we will do our best to lighten their darkness. Many modern Republican politicians are first of all opportunists, ready to seize upon any issue that offers to catch the popular breeze. For instance, Senator Knox declares for a strict construction of the constitution, while Mr. Roosevelt is for stretching the constitution to the breaking point. Both of these gentlemen are after votes and expect to combine their two schools of thought on election day. Republicans all believe in tariff protection for the trusts, but in some states where the tariff reform sentiment is raising heads, they propose revision and reciprocity, in other states they stand pat and fry fat out of the trusts, and on election day both factions stand ready to vote together and spend the proceeds of the fat frying.

All Republicans are for the old flag and an appropriation—if it comes their way. If the appropriation is not for them to spend, they are for economy in expenditures and kick like steers until they are let into the log rolling bee with a fair division of the spoils. Otherwise life is a dreary waste and the old flag may be in ribbons instead of stripes, and the star which symbolizes their state is to them a mockery. It all depends upon whose ox is gored and who is the dispenser of patronage and how many of their camp followers can get a place at the political pie counter, before the ordinary Republican politician can decide whether a proposed measure is for the best interests of the people.

Republican congressmen were all friends of the railroads until the free passes were cut off, and they still hanker after the flesh pots of the corporations. To make up for the loss of free transportation they increased their salaries 50 per cent. and still draw 40 cents a mile for mileage, and voted the president \$25,000 a year to hire special trains for himself, his family and friends. Thus the railroads gain and the taxpayers are the poorer.

As the American merchant marine has been ruined by the Republican plan of tariff protection for the trusts the Republican politicians, from President Roosevelt to the negro spittoon cleaner at the capitol, favor ship-subsidy. Most of them don't understand the real issue involved, but as the ship trust lobbyists showed a liberal disposition to assist in their enlightenment and were free spenders, the patriots who run the country found there must be something good in it. Their love for the old flag and an appropriation made them as easy prey for the subsidy lobbyists, who were certain the stars and stripes would be seen on every sea if the bill passed. Hurrah! for Old Glory, was their cry.

But what is the good of enlarging upon the fads and follies of the G. O. P. or telling of the prosperity of the trusts and the army of tramps that their policies have encouraged and protected? There are a few old fogey Republicans who believe what Lincoln taught, but they have no part or lot in the strenuousness of modern Republicanism.

A Plundering Program.

Senator Allison declares the tariff will have to be revised by its friends, if the people desire revision, thus keeping strictly within the declaration of the Republican party. He then says this revision, "probably may take the form of a maximum and minimum system." And then he declares that, "minimum duty rates should be a reasonable protective tariff, affording full protection to American workmen and American manufacturers without imposing any hardships on the consumer."

How Senator Allison expects to arrange a tariff the minimum rates of which will afford "full protection to American manufacturers without imposing any hardships on the consumers" will be an interesting problem. The two interests—the trusts and the people—are divided by a great gulf which the Allison plan cannot bridge. On the one side are the manufacturers who are mostly combined into trusts and are protected in charging unreasonable profits. On the other hand are the consumers who are feeling the burden of trust high prices, which with many, whose incomes have not advanced with the enormous increase in the cost of living, enforces pinching economy.

This practice of Senator Allison is a fair sample of the Republican plan of postponing the reform of the tariff so that the trusts may continue to flourish at the expense of the consumers and the Republican politicians continue to fry the fat out of them to be used as campaign funds to keep themselves in power. A fine program, surely.

Bryan and Roosevelt.

At the Gridiron club dinner in 1905, Mr. Bryan said: "I find it very difficult to be a partisan now, even when I want to be; for if I make a straight-out Democratic speech, the first thing I know the president makes one of the same kind, and then the subject immediately becomes non-partisan."

John Temple Graves, and his followers, who propose to turn Georgia over to the Republicans in order to elect Roosevelt for a third term, seem to have taken their cue from Mr. Bryan's own speeches.

One by one our Republican leaders are slowly coming to realize that the people are in earnest in their determination that the tariff shall be revised to stop the robbery of Americans by predatory trusts.

The Clumsy Eye.

The human eye is said to be a rather ill-contrived piece of mechanism. A celebrated German physician is reported to have remarked that if an artisan were to make for him a piece of apparatus so poorly adapted to its purpose he would not accept it.



PURELY FEMININE

FEUDS IN FAMILIES

SOURCES OF EMBARRASSMENT TO GUESTS.

Temptation to Sympathize with Apparent Victim Is Something to Avoid—Where Diplomacy Is Called For.

Few things are more embarrassing than to find one's self a guest in a disputed household.

One must be gifted with wonderful tact and prudence to be able to avoid taking sides and making remarks which embroil one with all parties, for no matter how much they fight among themselves they are certain to make a common cause against an outsider.

After one has been cut a few times they learn not to put their fingers in between the blades of the scissors.

Yet, how persistent is the temptation to sympathize with an apparent victim and mingle our own indignation with the outbursts of which we are made the confidant.

It may be the wife who is at odds by the conduct of a son-in-law, or the younger sister in a jealous rage against her seniors.

Almost surely it is one of the women of the family who pours out an account of her sufferings in the guest's ears.

Men are not above making a breakfast table scene by a casual utterance of slurring observation upon women in general, which particular women are bound to take up and respond to with all the enthusiasm of self-defense. But these caustic remarks are usually thrown off carelessly and without the betrayal of wounded feelings, which characterizes irony of women.

It is scarcely possible to be an inmate of a woman's family where she is at variance with her husband, and remain strictly neutral and impassive without convincing her that you are heartless and absolutely unsympathetic.

One finds it safest to express admiration and wonder at the patience and long suffering of the woman who thus craves your sympathy, mingled with dextrous little compliments for good qualities in the offending man whom she would be ready to tear your eyes out for abusing.

After all, diplomacy is the course most nearly approaching justice, for in family feuds there is invariably something to be said in favor of all parties.

A NOVEL FAN BAG.

Provides Against Loss of This Very Useful Article.

The number of lost and strayed fans which are generally found in the ball-room after a dance tells its own tale.

Summer Day Wear.

A pale mauve cloth in light weights is popular for gowns to be worn on cool summer days, while an exquisite shade of coral pink and one in blue are most effective. Olga cloth has come into notice again, for its satin finish and luster make it extremely well adapted to the long, graceful lines that are a feature of this year's styles. The plain skirts that are so becoming show off to the best possible advantage any fine material, and the colors take a light and shade that are most artistic in the soft folds. These afternoon gowns for the summer season are in truth a delight to anyone who loves clothes for clothes' sake. They are not the essentials of the wardrobe, but the luxuries that enable a woman to attain her highest ambition of being always 'correctly gowned.

Effective Color Scheme.

Pale moutarde yellow and mauve make a charming color scheme if the right tones are used, and the same is true of yellow and willow green and yellow and natter blue. A model observed along the Place Vendome, says a Paris correspondent, is gracefully carried out in pale yellow mousseline bordered by wide black stripes and a crossed fichu of white mousseline is folded inside of the draped bodice. A knot of soft mauve satin is at the bust line, and the girde is of the striped mousseline plaited lengthwise so that only the black stripes show.

The sleeve is in one with the bodice, the armhole reaching to the girde top and finished in bands of embroidery and lace. The undersleeves are of chiffon to match the fichu.

To Edge Collars.

To edge her collars the Parisienne is using a tiny little ruche made of linen or very soft fine tulle. It is easily changed and makes a becoming finish.

Many Blouse Designs.

As long as coat suits are worn the blouse will be fashionable in one form or another.

This season there are two distinct styles—the tailored and the more elaborate. Both are decidedly feminine, however, even the tailored waist having its severity relieved by plaited ruffles down the front. There is not so much novelty in the tailored blouses, and yet a shirt waist more than any other article of apparel looks hopelessly passe when left over from last season. Little changes in the sleeves in the shoulders, in the yoke, insignificant though they seem, assume great proportions when compared with new models.

The long shoulder will be the most noticeable change this season on bodices of all kinds.

In lingerie blouses the designs are exquisite; no less extravagant, adjective expresses so well the elaborate hand work and the dainty combinations of lace and sheer fabric. No less fine are they than the entire lingerie frock, into one of which, indeed, the blouse may be converted by making a skirt to correspond.

Did Not Prevent Ravelling.

The ravelling of state highways in Massachusetts during dry weather has generally been prevented in the past by spreading a thin coat of sand over the surface. During last year, however, there were two quite protracted dry spells which disturbed the bond of the road and caused loose stones to stand up on the surface. Although sand was spread thinly as before, it did not prevent the ravelling in all instances.—Engineer.

New Use for Old Ropes.

Some time ago a woolen manufacturer in the north of England succeeded in making a fabric of old ropes. He obtained a quantity of old rope and cordage, unraveled them and wove them by a secret process into a kind of rough cloth.

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